

The Hoodies, Former Glory

Good morning, son, how are you? You're only seventeen.
You say the world outside is watching you in your sleep.
You've got the promise of forever, but your youth is wearing thin.
And your best days are coming to an end. You're saying that
"I, I won't forget how it feels to be so young and have no regrets".
But it's at the ending of the story that all your former glory
is pushed back into the light, to light up the darkest night
and the blackest sky.
And for every second that you spent,
spending all your compliments,
another little star ignites out where you are,
out where you are.
And now the days they blur together,
after all, they're all the same.
But you're still trying to make sense of the names.
There's only seven to remember, but you're struggling with three.
And the weight of the world has brought you to your knees.
You're still saying that
"I, I won't forget how it feels to be so young and have no regrets".
But it's at the ending of the story that all your former glory
is pushed back into the light, to light up the darkest night
and the blackest sky.
And for every second that you spent,
spending all your compliments,
another little star ignites out where you are,
out where you are.
Someday you'll watch the second hand like a hawk,
hanging on to everything you've got.
Your hair's white and blowing in the wind on your porch.
Would you do it all again?